

*Kimberly Ann Drake*  
*July 31, 1976–September 15, 1999*



17:15

*Sicker than a Cat* cassette artwork by Five Seventeen, 1995



*“Hail to the hummingbird.”*

SONGS & ACCUSATIONS, 1976–1999



KYMBERLY ~~ANN~~ DRAKE

*My Mean Mustard*



© by Kimberly/Kymberly/Kymbliiss ~~Ann~~ Drake during her lifetime, except where noted.

First published in an abbreviated form as *Songs*, in 1999,  
expanded in 2018, and completed  
2 5 / 1 0 / 2 0 2 2

*A companion recording to this book by Kymbliiss, Kymberly Drake & Kimberly Ann Drake  
can be found, for as long as it lasts, at* **K Y M B L I S S . B A N D C A M P . C O M**

to y t i s i e v s n i b e b t o c s y . s s o s n i b e t i z i v e r y l w e n e r w s g n i b t o c e s y  
y r a v z i l u z e r i . t n e m q u i p e n w o n k n u n o , s e t i e z z a c y l l a u p z u o i r a v n o , z z n i t i e z  
( e s e r , n a r d i c l i d s k ) " . g n i z b e e b n i n o y l l a z s e e n c e l o t h e r i v e r t h e m o n t h i r k n o y n e d w y l n O

At one time:

*Sicker than a Cat*, My Mean Magpie 1999, 2015, 2022)  
*Kymbliiss: Complete Home Recordings Vol 1–10*, 2008)

z o n t e q u t j r e z l m n o i t i z n u m T n z i n i n o b e l n C

*Toys for Elliot* (as *Toys for Elliot*, My Mean Mustard 1995)

*The National Tapes* (as *Toys for Elliot*, My Mean Magpie 1999, 2001, 2022)

*The Winter Market* (as *The Winter Market* 1999)

t r a n s l i n e s r e z M e n t r o t d e g e r n i z n i g a i w D n o z i b h A

and the compilations:

“*St. Catharines, ON*” on *Volume One* (with *The 25¢ Soul Project*)

(My Mean Magpie 1998)

“*Unfinished No.1*” on *Hey, n o c a m p s t o m o z e m y u l o z e r - u o l n j o*

(Happy Happy Birthday To Me Records 1999)

“*My Emmeline (New Mix)*” on *Peeler: For a Right or Left-Handed Use*

(My Mean Magpie 2001)

“*I Fall*” on *Ten; Ten (Lil’ Red Wagon/ My Mean Magpie 2003)*

“*This Virgin Subsidies*” on *Tape-Gun: Issues 1–5 Collected 1997–2016*

(My Mean Magpie 2016)

t s b n u o t e d n s o t e k t a s M r e t n i W e n T b n s t o i l l e r o t z v o T y d z y n i b t o c e s y  
m o c . q m s c b n s d . e i q g s m n s e m y

edited by *Five Seventeen*, based on a ‘zine by *Tymothi: J*

*Design* by the above numbers

p. i artwork by **K Y M B L I S S**, 1989

p. iii photo booth image from *The 25¢ Soul Project’s Volume One*

zine of participating artist’s biographys, layout by Patti Kim, 1998

This was My Mean Magpie no. 45.

but, really, this should be My Mean Mustard #4.



A bit of an introduction is on the following page

	<i>On Cassettes</i>		<i>Songs (drafts)</i>
1	I Fall	31	There I am
4	For You	32	Sweet Dreams
5	Fun to Chase	33	There on the water
6	Saturday's Child	34	I shake, I tremble
8	Strive	35	You're dark
9	Field	35	I need to feel your tear
10	Chicken Man	36	I feel
12	Brace	37	And on this plain
13	April Fools	38	Pregnant eyes
14	This Virgin Subsidies		
16	My Emmeline		<i>Toys for Elliot</i>
17	My Angel	41	Glass Waltz
18	I Am	42	Sleepguitar
20	After Shock	44	An April Secret
22	Brave One	46	Sunday Afternoon
23	Goodbye		
24	Hope Has Got Me Now		<i>Archives &amp; Photos</i>
25	Where's the Road?	49	Five Seventeen's notes
26	By the Campfire (Song for Camp Couchiching)	57	Tymothi:J Swanson's notes
27	You Are My Friend		
28	Little Child		

This small book is a distillation of the audio archives of Kymberly Drake.

Friday, September 3, 1999. By 8:00 a.m. a dense fog had crept across the lanes of Ontario Highway 401, ten kilometres west of Windsor Airport. An earlier malfunction at the Windsor Airport Observation Station failed to detect the conditions and a fog warning had not been issued.

Reports indicate that visibility was reduced to as little as one metre when a tractor-trailer entered a dense patch of fog near the Manning Road overpass. The driver, unable to see, slowed suddenly and the tractor-trailer jack-knifed, setting off a chain reaction of five initial collisions.

Drivers, unable to see the accident ahead, continued into the fog. At the end of what would later be called the Highway 401 Fog Crash, 87 vehicles were damaged or destroyed, many had fused together in the heat of the fire and were only identifiable by vehicle registration numbers. Forty-five people reported injuries, seven died at the scene and one died later in hospital.\*

Kym and I watched the story on a 24-hour news station from her room at Toronto General where recent heart function raised concerns among the transplant team (Kym had cystic fibrosis). We joked that tonight might be the night that her new lungs come in. A nurse in the room to change a bag of fluids disapproved the joke with a chortle. Kym, attached to a rare unfamiliar IV pump, who had just dyed her hair a foxy red in the hospital room sink, laughed until she coughed, one hand to her chest & the other in the air, ready to cue when to end the joke.

10:00 p.m., an hour after I headed home, Kym's transplant beeper went off. The lungs held up, but her heart did not. On September 15, 1999, at 5:15 p.m. or so, Kym took her last breath in someone else's lungs.

16+ hours of recordings. This volume and accompanying recording were built with a few 4-track recordings, the scratch mixes of demos that survived aging hard drives, and cassette tapes of practices on stereos & boomboxes that Kym had given to me, supplemented by a brightly-coloured neon gymbag full of off-brand cassettes that her mother, Frances, handed to me.

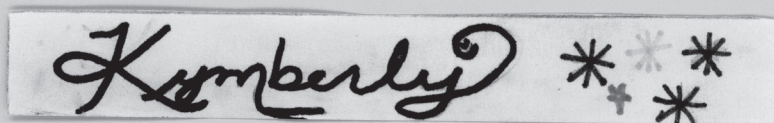
In the years between, careless file management of the digital transfers further obscured the contents of the often dubbed out-of-sequence, mostly unlabelled cassettes making the recordings unreliable or impossible.

Scraps of paper & Songs. Then there were the scraps of lyrics on sheets of lined paper, letters, sketches, photos & negatives. Songs unrecorded and left unattended forgotten; lyrics & minor notations. This collection would not have existed without Tym Swanson, whose zine *Songs*, made-up of poems that would later be songs, set the curatorial template for this collection.

I'll remember to love and to try and to breathe and to live.

.....  
\* These are the people who died: Robert LaForme, 35; Eleanor Shognosh, 70; Randy Spotton, 25; Charles McLamore, 40; Mark McLamore, 15; Marceya McLamore, 14; Wade Brown, 40; and Anne Marie Strnisa, 24.

undated artwork by Kymberly for unmarked cassette





## **I Fall**

Braced upon the  
fallen branch I lay  
to take your breath, to press my lips so  
gently on your fate  
I hold you now  
to fold you now  
I slowly feel you wake

With you  
by you  
I am  
I am beautiful  
slowly, never knowing  
I fall  
holding what I wanted  
I fall

Hiding under walls  
I don't feel I should be small anymore  
I'll take you, stand beside you  
feel your hands around my nails  
I'll listen to the sun  
fall so gently down my throat  
dancing to the tunes around my heart  
slowly, never knowing  
I'd fall  
Holding what I wanted  
I fall

And on this plate I rest my head  
the swiftess bites my neck  
I know you now, I hold you now  
And you shall say that I shouldn't  
And the wind grasps our rhythm  
I can feel you waiting for me  
Don't you know, don't I show, don't I show  
And there we lay  
slowly, never knowing  
I'd fall  
holding what I wanted  
I fall  
with you, I am beautiful  
I fall  
I tell you, you are beautiful  
I fall

Hold me up  
and lay me down  
tell me something  
and I'll take you home  
play me softly  
with what you have found

while I'm breathing, dancing, learning,  
feeling, wanting, flying, trying, knowing  
all this life is finally mine  
all these dreams that last  
are what I alway dreamed they could be  
and here I am  
with you

Hiding under walls  
I don't feel I should be small anymore  
I'll take you, stand beside you  
feel your hands around my nails  
I'll listen to the sun  
fall so gently down my throat  
dancing to the tunes around my heart  
slowly, never knowing  
I'd fall  
Holding what I wanted  
I fall  
with you, I am beautiful  
I fall  
I tell you, you are beautiful  
I fall  
slowly, never knowing  
I fall  
holding what I wanted  
I fall  
with you, I am beautiful  
I fall  
Oh, I tell you, you are beautiful

I

*fall*

## **For You**

I will bear it for you  
I will carry you  
I will run away from this  
    for you

They adore when you're waiting there for me  
and I melt when you sleep and you purr there  
    loud for me  
I'll stay until you're tired of me  
I'll stay until you're done with me

I will bear it for you  
I will carry you  
I will run away from this  
    for you



## **Fun to Chase**

Playful, jaunty  
I suppose it's allowed  
for now

This is fun for me

You are fun to chase  
so is he

Playful, jaunty  
I suppose it's allowed  
for now

This is fun to me

You are fun to chase  
so is he

## Saturday's Child

Hello Father I fell again  
but my fist was too far down my throat  
Hello Father I'm down again  
don't spit in my face, in my face

My head was hanging around  
your arms to find  
my lips on the ground

You take my heart to my grave  
my fingers gripped  
my fingers slip

Hail, hail  
hail nothing  
I'll feed tonight  
it'll kind of feel like hell  
it'll fly out  
it'll fly out  
till there's nothing at all  
I'm in control for now

Bring me my meal, bring me my seeds<sup>\*</sup>  
and watch me purge  
watch it fly

Shh, I'm strong like this  
to hold you small in my hands  
so, I think,

---

<sup>\*</sup> reference to pancreatic enzyme capsules (& adolescent bulimia nervosa). Like most people with cystic fibrosis, Kym had a pancreatic insufficiency & used pancreatic enzyme replacement therapy (PERT) capsules to break down complex carbohydrates, fats, and proteins.

Hello Father I've drowned again  
next time I'll learn how to swim  
little man, I'll make you cry  
you can't bury me now, you can't hold me under

Hail, hail  
hail nothing  
I'll feed tonight  
It'll kind of feel like hell  
It'll fly out  
it'll fly out  
till there's nothing at all  
I'm in control for now

Hail, hail  
hail nothing  
I'll feed tonight  
with my hand inside of my throat  
it'll fly out  
it'll fly out  
till there's nothing at all  
I'm in control for now

## Strive

Lessen your wounds and pry your name  
don't bleed on me  
Grab all the life of what remains  
greys\* on your primitive ancestry  
    You came into   pulled back through  
Survive

Grow your mind and rid your vaste  
Don't pull me down  
I can take a lot but, of what you want,  
my resistance to your needs keeps me sound  
    It starts to rain   then it pours again  
    I'm drowning

(chorus)  
Ask me to, if I were you  
I don't know what I would do  
    in your shoes  
Don't hold me back, I want my life  
    You're bringing my spirits down  
Strive

You tore out my soul  
with your outside remarks  
so don't bleed on me  
I couldn't give two shits if you wanted me to  
You give no remorse I give no pity  
    You came into   pulled back through  
    Goodbye

---

\* Gray (symbol: Gy) is the unit of ionizing radiation absorption dose defined as the absorption of one joule of radiation energy per kilogram of matter. An absorbed dose of a chest CT scan  $\approx 10$  mGy or 1 rad.

## Field

Cross my field I wake  
Meanwhile there  
please leave, I lie  
Never dare

You asked my name  
I held your name  
You asked my company  
I never came

I tried to hold again  
but could not reach  
I heard your promises  
you tried to keep

My eyes are shut too tight  
I cannot see  
You shiver away from light  
because of me

In the back of my mind I sit there  
I love you the way I want there  
I cannot leave my place there  
because I fear I won't see you again

I killed my heart  
You brought it back one day  
I shut up in wasteful fear  
and threw it away

## Chicken Man

Hey there little man  
I think I saw you there  
I think I saw you stare  
Yeah, that was me there

Hey there little man  
the words I understand  
not the strongest man  
you could not save me then

Hey there calm man  
you just let me be  
you walked away from me  
I lay there to bleed

Hey there chicken man  
you were there to see  
it's not like you were fucking me  
so just speak  
just speak  
just tell them something  
please  
don't make a fool out of me  
don't leave me here to bleed

So I held my head  
screamed as I could  
I told the jury  
oh what I should

What they didn't believe  
they were all laughing at me  
and I saw you there  
    you were crying for me

Well, swallow your tears  
and hide under your chair  
you should be here where I am  
saying that you were there

yeah

Hey there little man  
I think I saw you there  
I think I saw you stare  
Yeah, that was me there

## Brace

Do you wanna touch do you wanna feel  
while I swallow you down as I brace you under?

To see to see I'm not so frail  
so now I can live and breathe and breathe  
with you inside of me  
like this like this

Hail, hail, hail

I clone my head and go as deep as you like  
as sweet as you like  
There's my skin at last till last till last  
lick my temptation

Brace me  
Face me  
Taste me

And so you eye me there I show you where  
and this and this and this and this  
I can hardly spit enough to tell you  
I am here this is here I'm here

Do you like to see do you want to hear  
as I take you along as I brace you under?

To lie to lie to lie  
as I lived for taste  
you craved for my head  
like this like this

Brace me  
Face me  
Taste me



## April Fools

My bones are breaking  
my body is shaking  
my head  
my head  
is aching

I can not scream, I can not move

Your minds are tripping  
my blouse is ripping  
your knife  
your knife  
is dripping

but I can not scream, I can not move

Your dick is drying  
his dick is trying  
my heart  
my heart  
is dying

but I can not scream, I can not move

My blood is oozing  
my hands are losing  
everything  
everything  
is bruising

but I can not scream, I can not move  
I cannot move  
I can not move  
God, I can not move

## **This Virgin Subsides\***

I wait and wait and wait.  
No is my diction  
No was my diction  
    but now you.  
your brain is inside of me  
your heart is inside of me  
you are inside of me  
    and my red  
                bursting  
my face, an impeccable high  
brace me, face me, taste me  
I am here, now, so awake  
    nothing comes back  
so now I can live, and breathe  
and breathe  
with you inside of me.  
    Like this.  
My welt is away  
and never did I think this could happen  
Blessed is that matter on which I lay  
    with you  
I am, today, a prickly, glowing mass  
gushing with pictures of you in my eyes  
  
    I can feel.

---

\* Lyrics completed September 14, 1994.

even now, your breath, casting itself  
into my mouth.

every crevice opening, seeking  
beginning to learn

what was never taught to me.

Every move that churns  
is another breath I take  
and you last, and last  
and lick my temptation  
and throw your find onto me.

I may stay here forever  
and wither this floor.  
I never will care to leave  
in this mind.

Shoving my hands  
breaking my shield  
holding my own

I was so wrong  
you are for me.

## My Emmeline

Hold me now you cry  
Emmeline your face is wet tonight  
touch his face with yours  
Emmeline your head is weak tonight  
Hold the tracks alone  
you can lie to your pages  
crack behind your tales  
for that's not what's true, because  
you sway with yours  
Emmeline your face is wet tonight

so sway tonight with yours  
Hail to the hummingbird ~~that flies alive~~  
It's a labeling chase<sup>\*</sup>  
that brought you tonight  
It's alive in your name  
Emmeline it's too late to change  
you're here in arms  
Emmeline your face is wet tonight  
Hold me now you cry  
my dear Emmeline  
you're alive tonight

---

<sup>\*</sup> a reference to BrdU pulse-chase method. Bromodeoxyuridine (BrdU) is an analog, or compound, that incorporates the DNA of dividing cells during the synthesis phase, S-phase, of the cell cycle. Once incorporated, these analogs serve as biomarkers that can be detected with labeled probes that identify proliferating cells.

## **My Angel\***

Here I lie I can feel the wings on your back  
how can you hurt so bad  
there's a bullet in your wings so you fall  
to the ground  
I know that you're losing yourself inside  
please take a part of me  
breathe my strength  
and I'll watch you fly  
I'll save you  
You saved me

You seem so alive while you sleep  
alive as how I knew you  
I found you with a forest around your head  
I am with you  
take of me  
as I take of you  
I'll save you  
you saved me  
I'll save you  
My angel

---

\* Lyrics completed June 9, 1995. Addition from a later date

## **I Am**

I can feel that the moment cares to lie  
and I am by myself  
I can see the church behind my eye  
I am inside myself  
I am with scarlet in my head  
and the brim of dark  
I am alone  
I like it  
and I am too far gone and I  
am here at last, no one on my back  
I feel  
it all as I look on and on and on and on

I am looking back across my mind  
and there are pages then  
I know that I can be so dumb, so stupid, and  
I always tried to shake their minds  
but it was mine instead  
And now I face what's there below  
and I crave theirs instead  
and I am here wanting someone on my back  
I feel  
it all as I look on and on and on and on

I didn't feel till now  
I didn't feel till now  
I couldn't feel till now  
I didn't feel till now

I can feel that the moment cares to lie  
and I am by myself  
I can see the church behind my eye  
and I am inside myself  
I am with scarlet in my head  
and the brim of dark  
I am alone  
I like it  
and I am too far gone and I  
am here at last no one on my back  
I feel  
it all as I look on and on and on and on

I didn't feel till now  
I didn't feel till now  
I couldn't feel till now  
I didn't feel till now

## After Shock\*

Water is a fate of blood on my face  
the air pricks my eyes and I fall into your hands  
and now I'm there, I'm here, I'm yours.  
I'm whoever takes me  
but really I'm yours.

Lay your heart on my breast  
stop. I feel it now  
Pounding  
Don't stop  
your heart is pounding  
my heart is pounding  
my head  
the rain is pounding.

I could lay back and stare  
stare at your gaze  
I know you know my face.  
my eyes, my neck, my bruise.  
I am now appearing to fall

Lay your heart on my breast  
stop. I feel it now  
Pounding  
Don't stop  
your heart is pounding  
my heart is pounding  
my head  
the rain is pounding.  
~~and the moon, awake, knows my fate-~~  
~~and lights~~  
~~my direction. away.~~

---

\* Lyrics written September 3, 1994. Additions from a later date



I cannot hear, I will not hear, I don't hear.  
I dart my stare at its end and turn away.  
I am with you.  
let the rain wash our neck  
and swim by our feel  
Tonight I can fly.

Lay your heart on my breast  
stop. I feel it now  
Pounding  
Don't stop  
your heart is pounding  
my head  
the rain  
my head  
the rain is pounding.

## Brave One

In the place where your watered garden lies  
I can see myself in behind your plain disguise  
As you bask your way into  
nothing no one can breathe under you

I can not hear the band playing underneath your wounds  
but I see the scar still in front of you

Unbind the straps and I can see you're crying  
give us your smile and we won't see you're dying  
give us our name, show us the way to your finding,  
and on that path you'll find your way home

World seemed deranged but now your face is awake  
Don't resign yourself, it's there for you to take  
I leave you alone now and you let go of the rope  
nets not below you yet, your scars are replenished hope

I hear the music's thunder, fellow vanquished song  
And I know you can't sing this one alone

Unbind the straps and I can see you're crying  
give us your smile and we won't see you're dying  
give us our name, show us the way to your finding,  
and on that path you'll find your way home

## Goodbye

### Goodbye

I'll hold the lamp for you  
I'll break away the stone  
and all that's left was from you  
and I am not alone  
I suppose that you are are dying  
away for now we are apart  
for now I suppose it's time I forget my past  
I'll say and start  
la la-la la-la-la-la  
goodbye to say  
goodbye

Bring to me your light from your death  
I'll take what I can breathe  
I'll give to them  
what you brought me here  
and I'll never leave  
I suppose that you are dying  
away where do I start?  
for now but the hardest part  
I'll say that I must do  
la la-la la-la-la-la  
goodbye  
oh no

la la-la la-la  
la la-la la-la-la  
la la-la la-la-la  
la you were such a friend to me  
goodbye but now  
you're gone  
I suppose it's time I forget my past  
and start  
anew for it's time  
to say  
goodbye  
oh no

## Hope Has Got Me Now

Hopefully past the treacherous days, that I lay upon my bed.  
Dreadfully last, the slaves that drive their horse through my head.  
Never letting go of the strength that loves me so.

Pity cast out your wild affair, stare into your grave.  
Come to me but beware, it's your death that I crave.  
Pity stay out of my head, till you're cold and dead.

Hope has got me now, abide by your strength and teach me how.  
Teach me how to live past the confusion, I'll never give  
up for what I'm fighting  
for.

Reached my height of challenge. My teacher has gone to the stars.  
I sink into my heart, although I'll still go far.  
I can not hear your touch, I cannot feel your voice, so I built my sheild.

Never let myself need.  
Try to prick me if you dare, but I'll still be in the lead.  
Never letting go of the strength that loves me so.

Hope has got me now, abide by your strength and teach me how.  
Teach me how to live past the confusion, I'll never give  
up for what I'm fighting  
for.

## Where's the Road?

When the dawn sheds a tear, it burns,  
all the water that's covered in drought  
and when the rain laughs out loud, it stings the heart.  
The shell of mother earth's rebel,  
    "Where's the road? Where's the road?—"

Most of the world weep out loud for help,  
while we all ignore till it's too late.  
Roads of our life disappear and steal the hope,  
who knows just where they go.  
    "Where's the road? Where's the road?—"

I don't want to see our world say goodbye,  
as a cold threat to our own.  
I don't want to see a betrayal in our lives  
destroy our only home.  
Overgrow the path that we've built,  
revive the ones that we've killed.  
I don't want to see our world say goodbye.

Hold on to all the hope that's left,  
pray for a longer road.  
I don't wanna see  
    our world die.

## **By the Campfire (Song for Camp Couchiching)**

Remember the first night  
when we all held each other,  
looked unto the fire and sang like no other?  
We rose to the sky at the first campfire.

While I'm at home and I've nothing to do,  
I think of all the fun games I played with you,  
and the nights while we sang by the campfire.

The crackle and the sparks  
and the flames that reach the highest star,  
the acoustic that played so well,  
sing in harmony  
the love that we felt by the campfire.

Jewels from the moon's cast,  
as the lake lies before us,  
drown themselves in envy wishing they were with us,  
proving our strength building our campfire.

Realizing how we all loved one another  
saying goodbye and holding each others  
oh, the flames did sing, at the last campfire.

The crackle and the sparks  
and the flames that reach the highest star,  
the acoustic that played so well,  
sing in harmony  
the love that we felt by the campfire.

## **You Are My Friend**

I know you better, I know you more.  
I know you better, I know you more.

We've been through so much together  
now we have to let go but it won't be forever.  
Just take it slow,  
    memories of our childhood will linger on.  
Don't let go or they will be gone.

Just stay by my side until the end  
because you, you are, you are, you are my friend.

We've held on through all these years,  
some of us will shed lonely tears.  
just hold on tight,  
    you have so much ahead of you.  
Just smile it's all you have to do.

So stay by side until the end  
because you, you are, you are, you are my friend.

I will always remember you  
and all the fun things we used to do.  
Stay with me until the end  
because you, you are all my friends.

## Little Child

Little child, don't hide, don't cry  
Your tears are tearing me up inside.  
Don't walk away, fight and you will find  
another day.  
Now I have come to see  
that the little child is noone but me.

Little child get up and find your way  
don't let it get you down.  
It may seem hard but I know someday  
your feet will be on the ground.

Wandering eyes don't look so sad  
you seem so far away.  
It doesn't seem fair, remember  
your friends will always be there.  
Now I have come to see  
the little child is noone but me.

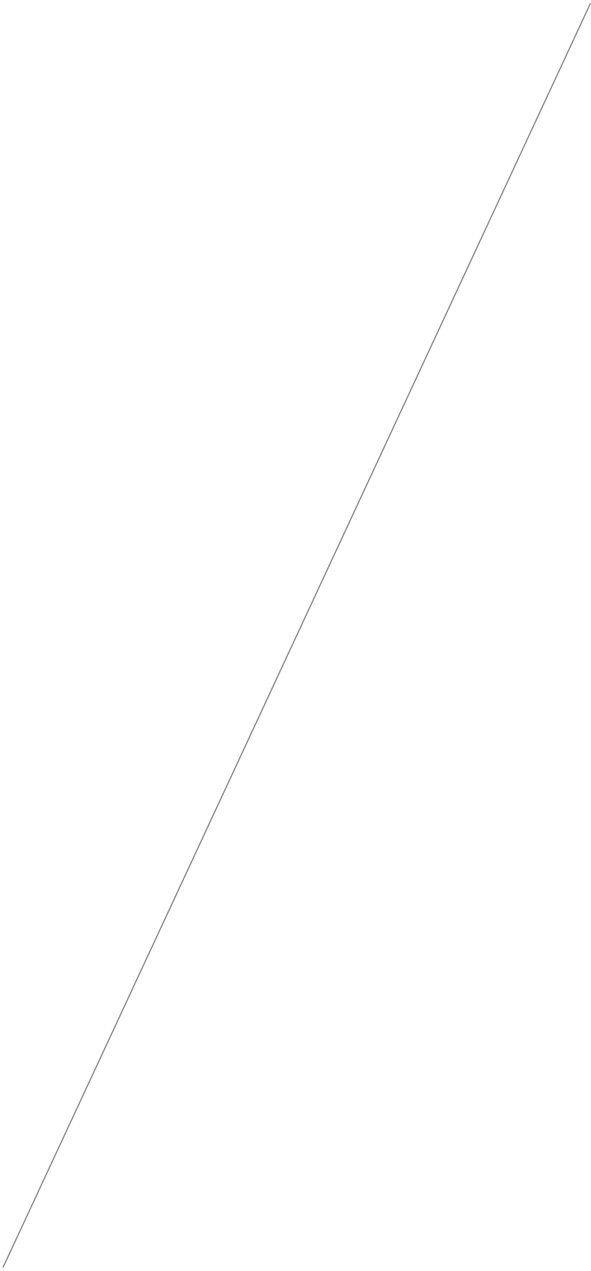
Little child get up and find your way  
don't let it get you down.  
It may seem hard but I know someday  
your feet will be on the ground.



sketch by Five Seventeen for a lost painting of Kym and Tym, 1994



*Songs (drafts)*



## **There I am\***

There I am  
I am there  
alone . . .  
Sweep along my sense  
for I am here  
all that could make me grin.  
asked, and I am here  
You are there.  
I lathered you up  
and beneath all, I lost  
You lost  
I say that I've won and all spank my  
spine  
How well am I  
I could not even touch your face  
my head is a guard  
and I will please it.  
I want to feel your heart inside of mine  
I want to breathe my words into your  
mouth  
I want to touch my life onto yours  
I'm sorry  
    I won't

---

\* written August 22, 1994. See "This Virgin Subsides" p. 14

## Sweet Dreams®

Alone with sobriety,  
                    its meekness  
and I am dead  
away  
I've forgotten. I've forgotten my name  
small and ugly as my Father     once     stand  
tonight with my hand inside my throat I whisper  
a simple shaded shout that never leaves  
its then.

I am his, I am yours  
I will offer, sweet Prophet man, give to me,  
so that I may take from him.  
I am mute and now I taste his spittle  
speak to me, shout, scream, force me to wake.  
I am not with him.

but I am not for you  
again it thrusts into swallows  
and I will fall.

grasp your hands into night and cover me.  
throw your shade  
I shall never leave its ancestry  
and I can never leave his bed.  
Shake my eyes  
throw me to size  
cast my name  
and I am dead.

\* written September 4, 1994. See "Saturday's Child" p. 6

## There on the water<sup>\*</sup>

There on the water  
    here on the water  
my ear feels your echo  
    your trance pressing its voice softly  
against my face  
    and at the end  
one more beautiful prism  
    and my eyes burn and hope to gash out  
yours seem that way too  
    but now,  
here now  
    I must clench to my heart  
and hold together  
    and fear nothing  
This may be everything  
    this may be nothing at all  
No, this is something  
    You are something  
and now my words sound so simple  
    and cold  
I don't know how to speak  
    You threw me off key  
I am the plumage joy of it all  
    I can't wait to love you

---

<sup>\*</sup> written September 19, 1994. See "Sleepguitar" p. 42

## **I shake, I tremble\***

I shake, I tremble  
nothing removes itself from my death  
so here I am  
waiting,  
to feel the tank heave upon my chest  
breaking every muscle I have built  
hiding the made up help.  
It is not real  
my wake is not real  
I am not mortal  
still I clench my chest  
trying to open an airway that I cannot feel  
and even as I write I do not give in  
and there's a face above my chin  
with tears in his mind  
to break my stubborn head  
so I'll grab for the mask  
and visit the land  
and hold on to him and mine  
and I'll remember to love and to try and  
to breathe and to live.

---

\* written September 22, 1994. See "Brace" p. 12

## **You're dark<sup>°</sup>**

You're dark  
I'm dead  
and a light that proves your face  
I can feel your air  
holding my chest  
and you love, love like  
I could  
Like I do  
but I do not tell you  
I need to help you up  
you crave to give me life  
You do

.....

## **I need to feel your tear<sup>†</sup>**

I need to feel your tear  
fall upon my cheek  
to understand and know  
that you are still alive  
You're here  
and I wait for you to breathe  
closer  
closer to my ear  
I know you now

.....

<sup>°</sup> written September 29, 1994.

<sup>†</sup> written September 30, 1994. See "I Fall" p. 1

## **I feel\***

I feel  
I feel I am so many wonderful things  
tonight  
because of you, because of them  
I know now  
I know that I can.  
I bring myself to you + fall,  
lightly but full  
I am fully w/ you  
at you  
by you.

---

\* written December 1994. See "I Fall" p. 1



## **And on this plain\***

And on this plain  
I rest my head  
the swiftness bites my neck  
I know you now  
I hold you now  
You shall say that I shouldn't  
and the wind grasps our rhythm  
and the light falls down my throat  
I can feel you waiting for me  
Don't you know?  
Don't I show?  
and there we lay forever  
I never want to wake  
from this beautiful dream sleep . . .  
my love.

---

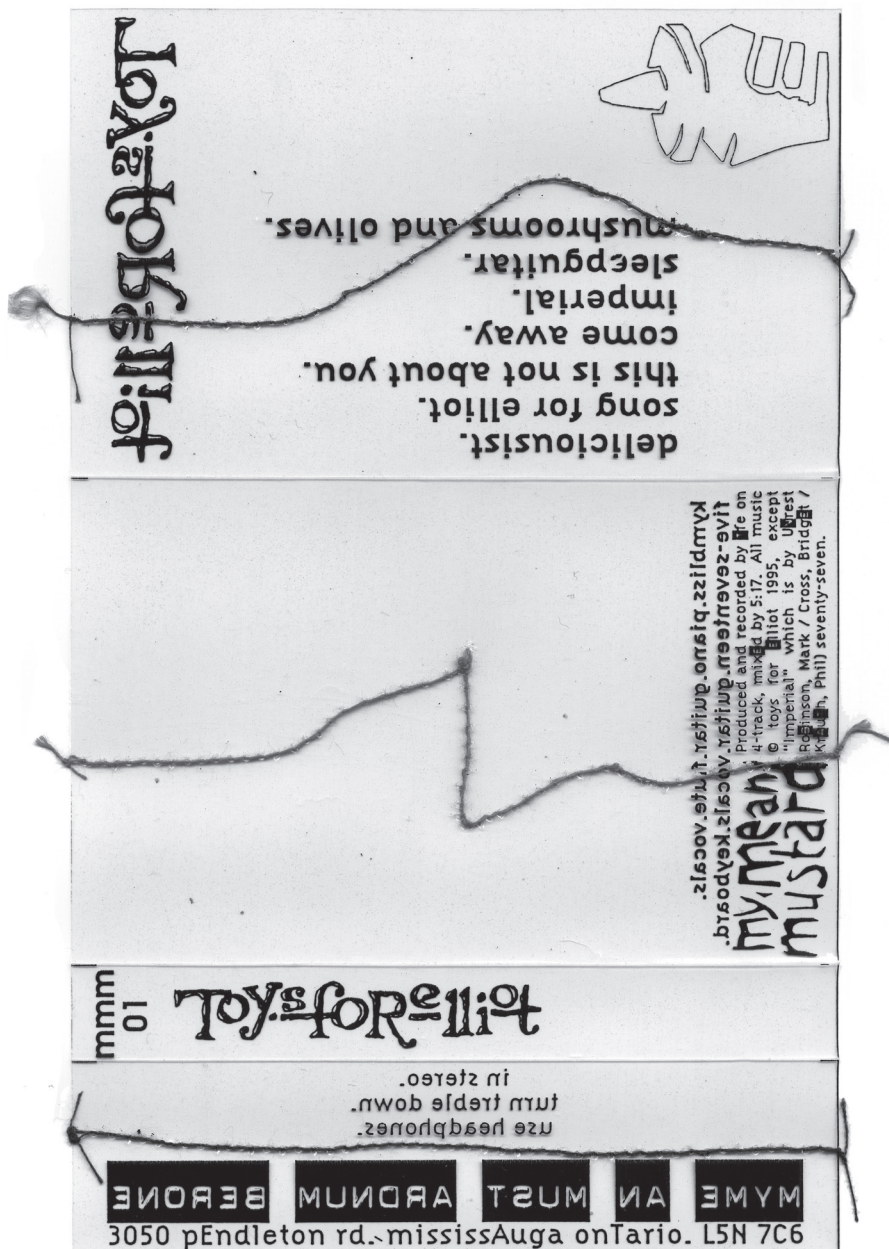
\* written June 1995. See "I Fall" p. 1

## Pregnant eyes\*

Pregnant eyes  
with sorry hands  
broken limbs  
and a fist full of God.  
I too had a place  
Lost, I sought  
to prove that I could find.  
Now I fall  
with my face in your hands,  
so lightly.  
I think that I am floating  
    I am floating  
on you.  
Now, I am silent  
so that I can listen to my prayer  
that speaks from your lip  
and tears at my weakness  
and promises my name  
that brings me to the one  
who sings so gently to my heart.  
With a vision of eternity  
a soul who speaks of your love  
your life in my veins  
and a fist full of God.

---

\* written December 1995. See "April Fools" p. 13





## Glass Waltz

Stand by the sea,  
watch the waves  
    come rolling by.

Open my dreams;  
stare at the page.

And the waves  
    The waves fell through  
keep rolling in.  
    the glass.  
And the sky  
    Nothing is here  
is closing in.  
    now.  
And I know  
    The waves aren't real  
I'll never see you again.  
    they're glass.  
And I know  
    Nothing is real  
I'll never see you again.  
    now.

I close my eyes,  
the hold on my skin  
    too tight.

Fall to my knees  
and wait.

Please, please, save me.  
I've lost all life  
    below.

I cannot feel;  
I can't leave the sea.

## Sleepguitar

Sun shines, softly  
on your face.  
I remember  
your waking eyes,

whispering softly to yourself

secrets  
that I'll never know.

Captivating smile, capturing glances.

And while you sleep,  
my thoughts around you and,  
in your dreams, you've gone so far away.

Sun shines, softly  
I could hardly wonder, when I faced your arms  
on your face,  
where not to go there.  
I remember  
I'm in your eyes here.  
your waking eyes.  
I dreamed a little quieter  
and you still heard your name.  
whispering softly to yourself  
Let's stay here forever  
and watch these sheets  
secrets  
whither.  
that I'll never know.  
My ears feel your echo,  
your trance,  
Captivating smile, capturing glances,  
pressing its voice, softly, against my face.

And while you sleep,  
my thoughts around you and,  
in your dreams, you've gone so far away.

I could hardly wonder, when I faced your arms  
wherenot to go there.  
I'm in your eyes here.

I dreamed a little quieter  
and you still heard your name.  
Let's stay here forever  
and watch these sheets  
whither.

My ears feel your echo,  
your trance,  
pressing it's voice, softly, against my face.

And while you sleep,  
my thoughts around you and,  
in your dreams, you've gone so far away, away.  
Away.

## An April Secret

Inhaling the sweet song of nature,  
I grow towards the hill.  
My moon shade walks with pride  
as time stood still.  
Hey, yeah, yeah. Yap-bap-bap, boom!

Not the caution I should have felt,  
it stared me away.  
Even if the stars had warned me,  
I still would have stayed.  
Yeah, hey, yeah. Yap-bap-bap, boom!

I cannot scream, I cannot move.  
Yap-bap-bap, boom!

On top of my tiny mountain,  
the world seemed so far gone.  
All my thoughts were in my hands,  
the moon sat in my palm.  
Hey, yeah. Yap-bap-bap, boom!

Till the blackness overwhelmed me  
and I lay smothered to the ground,  
not to shed a single tear  
or share a single sound.  
Yeah. Hey. Yap-bap-bap, boom!

I cannot scream, I cannot move.  
Yap-bap-bap, boom!

Against the sharp edges of the night  
or knife. I wasn't sure.  
To be their filthy virgin wench,  
their budding, throbbing cure.  
Hey yeah. Yeah. Yap-bap-bap, boom!



The night is gone, so was I,  
to be fastened quick by glue.  
To learn to fly,  
to die, as I do.

Hey yeah, yeah. Yap-bap-bap, boom!

I cannot scream, I cannot move.  
Yap-bap-bap, boom!

I lied against its promise to pry  
and woke my head to perch.  
I gave my heart to my notebook, closed  
and hid my subconscious search.  
Hey yeah, yeah, yeah. Yap-bap-bap, boom!

Only to find that it woke its name  
the moment I shut my eyes.  
To be shaken with the violent fear  
of the Sir that I despise.  
Hey, yeah. Yap-bap-bap, boom!

I cannot scream, I cannot move.  
Yap-bap-bap, boom!

But I tried to reach and I tried to catch,  
only to hide in disgrace.  
For when I searched into the dreams that raped me,  
I saw my Father's face.  
Hey yeah. Yap-bap-bap, boom!

I cannot scream, I cannot move.  
Yap-bap-bap,  
boom.

## Sunday Afternoon

I feel nothing, nothing at all. I feel nothing, nothing at all.

Sitting alone, Sunday afternoon, rain whispering down my  
neck, groping its direction, resisting the fall to the floor  
to the floor  
to the floor.

My face drenched, in wonder why it falls. Does it hurt to  
feel the ground, Sunday afternoon?

There's not a cloud in the sky,  
it's a beautiful day.  
There's not a cloud in the sky,  
it's all in your mind.

I feel nothing, nothing at all. I feel nothing, nothing at all.

Nothing to say, nothing comes to mind. Observing changes  
to the sky and finding puddles to jump in.

Ooh-ahh, la-di-da.

Ooh-ahh, la-di-da.

A quiet bird sits in empty trees, sings nothing only listens  
to the rain, Sunday afternoon.

There's not a cloud in the sky,  
it's a beautiful day.  
There's not a cloud in the sky,  
it's all in your mind.

There's not a cloud in the sky,  
it's a beautiful day.  
There's not a cloud in the sky,  
it's Sunday.

alternate photo supplied for *Sicker Than a Cat* cassette artwork





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## Young girl's letter has wisdom for any lifetime



Above, a Grade 8 graduation photo of 14-year-old Kimberly Drake.  
— Photo special

Dear Standard:

Hello, my name is Kimberly Drake and I am writing to you because of one topic: Cystic Fibrosis. CF is a fatal, inherited lung disease that is taking the lives of millions of children across the world, including mine. Recently they have found the gene that causes it and in my opinion, are very close to a cure. They need your help, they need everyone's help and if we don't, CF will continue to kill children's futures everywhere. I am 14 years old and am willing to do my part. I want to inform people. I want to make them aware of it. I feel I can.

I go through a series of pills a day and must do two to three masks a day, followed by chest physio. That's just to clear the mucus out of my lungs. The pills are to help me digest my food. I am under weight yet I eat twice as much as a normal 14 year old.

Approximately every couple months I go into the hospital for treatment. I'm always getting lung

infections and must go in for intravenous antibiotics. I'm usually in for about a month at a time.

I don't have that much longer to live, but that doesn't bother me. I always promised myself I'd never ask "why me?" and I haven't. I don't feel it's time to give up yet. I don't think there will ever be a time to give up. If I walk around saying, "Ah, what's the use. I'm going to die any way," I'd miss everything.

My friends are great, they give me the courage to keep going. A lot too. They never treated me different and I think that's great.

Independence is very important to me. It has been all my life. I want to

take on so many responsibilities. Measuring my ventilator and doing my own physio, also. I'm usually alone in the house or if I'm not I'll go somewhere.

Personally I think life is great, and I don't really want to lose it but if I have to, I can accept that. It doesn't stop me from looking on to the future. When I'm older, I want to be a social worker. I'm listening to other people and trying to help them.

I can still do a lot. I can't run, jump or stuff like that but I can have fun and isn't that a big part of being a teenager?

I play the piano, that's my "thing." Whenever I'm bored, I'll

write a song. I've always wanted to make an album or something, except I'm really shy when it comes to singing.

I love animals and when I'm older, I want to own a farm with two horses, two dogs, one cat, and a few rabbits. I especially love horses. I love grooming them, I love riding them and I love just watching them.

I guess I can say that when I die, I want people to remember me as how I was positive and very optimistic. I want to tell people that if they ever have a problem, to come right out and say it and don't take life for granted.

I hope you can use this and if not I understand, but please write or contact me. Thanks for your time.

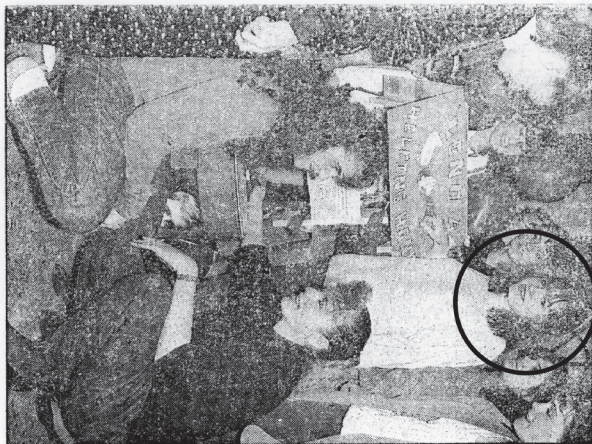
Kimberly Drake  
Heatrice St.  
St. Catharines

(Just after this letter was written, Kimberly had to return to McMaster Medical Centre in Hamilton for another four weeks of treatment.)

### Well wishes

Kimberly Drake, 14, leans on a wishing well at St. Catharines Collegiate yesterday as schoolmates Darla Dupuis, left, and Kaitie-Jo Semark drop their coins in a fundraising drive for cystic fibrosis. Darla and Kaitie-Jo, both 16, launched the drive after reading Kimberly's recent letter in *The Standard* about her experience fighting the disease. Proceeds from the well and a pizza sale will go to the Cystic Fibrosis Foundation and Tender Wishes.

— Staff photo by Mike Conley



10 The Standard, Wednesday, March 27, 1991

## Hope shines through in teen's music

### Piano helps Kimberly cope with cystic fibrosis

By SEAN CONDON  
Standard Staff

HAMILTON — When Kimberly Drake sits at the piano, strangers passing by can't help stopping to offer a smile or a compliment.

"Jeez," says one young parent, leaning against the old upright piano to watch the 15-year-old perform. "You play real well."

"You don't use notes to play that?" asks an older woman in a clean blue uniform. Kimberly tells her no. Overjoyed, the woman offers her a few kind words, then returns to her rounds.

Kimberly continues to the conclusion of *An Ocean's Wake*, a lovely, moody piece which she composed herself.

"She needs practice," Kimberly tells herself, exposing her braces in a half smile before sitting herself straight to pose for a photograph. A few minutes later, photos snapped, she gathers her intravenous tubes and starts back to her room.

Her room has two beds with a curtain to separate them, and a large window providing a view of traffic heading to and from Dundas Street on Highway 8. Kimberly's practice stage is an open lounge off 3B, the pediatrics ward at McMaster Medical Centre.

For about nine months of the year, this is the St.

Catharines teenager's home. She lives here, practises here and fights cystic fibrosis here.

Life is an extended family of medical staff and fellow patients, and a huge hospital building where Kimberly pours her thoughts into her music.

This weekend, her music is getting out. The Niagara Symphony is adapting *An Ocean's Wake* for string presentation in its Spectacular Showcase of Talent, musical variety concerts at 8 p.m. Saturday and 3 p.m. Sunday at Shaw Festival Theatre in Niagara-on-the-Lake. Kimberly will be there but won't perform.

James Vincent Fusco, symphony conductor, says Kimberly — who, unlike many in the showcase, is not formally trained in music — stood out among many who tried out last fall for the show.

"We were listening to an awful lot of people auditioning," Mr. Fusco says. "Yet, at the end of the day, I could still remember Kimberly's piece. And that spoke to me — it made me think that this was a really good composition. It just had that spark of something special."

Kimberly came up with *An Ocean's Wake* by combining two similar compositions.

HOPE SHINES  
(Please see page 14)



KIMBERLY DRAKE PRACTISES  
— Staff photo by Sean Condon

Five Seventeen's notes on select lyrics/  
recordings to accompany a book assembled  
in 2018 and left unattended

My first band was one with Kimberly Drake and we called ourselves This Beautiful Train for awhile. The words, like the name Toys for Elliot we later settled on, held no particular meaning. We enjoyed the way the words sounded together: iambic pentameter, or whatever .

Our friendship was orchestrated by a mutual friend, Nancy, then a member of the band The Tidbits, who was on the bill that night. I had been penpals with Nancy through the previous summer, writing her at Camp Couchiching in Longford Mills, where Nancy worked as camp counsellor alongside Kym.

It was April 16th, 1993, at U.C.103 in Guelph at an all-ages "Acoustic Rock n' Roll Show" put on by The Rubber Bus Recording Company. Nancy volunteered my hometown, Hamilton, and friendship to Kym, who was often in the city. Kym played piano and I'd bought a wrong-handed bass guitar. Perhaps Kym and I could form a two-person band of our own, Nancy suggested. And we did.

From our first practices with an unplugged bass guitar and out-of-tune upright piano outside of ward 3B at McMaster Medical Centre to open mic nights at La Luna, a slot at E.P.O.P. in Guelph, and a 5-song double A-side cassette, we fell into each other's songs.

These are the ones I remember best:

"SUNDAY AFTERNOON" (TOYS FOR ELLIOT) P. 46

Kym and I had been comparing influences since we met. Kym introduced me to the Lilith Fair acts that I'd avoided for "cool" reasons, like Crash Vegas, Lisa Loeb and Sarah McLachlan; Tori Amos & Mary Margaret O'Hara; and the 60s songwriters Melanie, Gordon Lightfoot, and Burton Cummings. I introduced her to Shelleyan Orphan, The Sundays, The Apartments, & Trash Can Sinatras. Sometime after September of 1993, one Sunday afternoon we wrote "Sunday Afternoon," our first co-write. Dead Can Dance's *Into the Labyrinth* had just come out & influenced my first songwriting idea that I didn't hate, Kym was home from an extended hospital stay, and I could plug in.

"GLASS WALTZ" (TOYS FOR ELLIOT) P. 41

Kym and I continued to write together. I was learning to write songs, Kym wanted to write differently and to share songs with someone. "Glass Waltz" was a result of us swapping lines and revising.

"SLEEPGUITAR" (TOYS FOR ELLIOT) P. 42

"Sleepguitar" was a verse and an idea for a chorus that I'd written. Kym helped rewrite my lyrics, added her own, and came up with the arrangement. It's my favourite song of ours and the song we performed most.

**"AN APRIL SECRET" (TOYS FOR ELLIOT) P. 44**

I'd written a simple, upbeat waltz on my guitar with silly lyrics and "yap-bap-bap-boom" as placeholder for the way I wanted the words to sound. I played the riff and made "bap-bap" sounds as Kym leafed through her binder of poems and half-finished songs that she was in the process of writing. She'd sing a line to herself as I played, turn the page, scan, turn the page.

"This one works but it doesn't really fit the tone," she laughed. "It's about, uh, rape."

"Does it have to fit?" I asked.

**"APRIL FOOLS" P. 13**

In 1994, Kym told me that she wanted to write an album of songs about a night in April 1991 when she was assaulted in a park near her home a few months shy of her 15th birthday. Toys for Elliot's irreverent take on "An April Secret" (p. 44) freed Kym up to take the trauma of that night beyond the page. This was the first attempt. Kym would regularly play this song live, repeatedly crashing the piano in the final bars of the song, each time intensely, introspectively and precisely.

**"SATURDAY'S CHILD"**

(THE WINTER MARKET) P. 6

The Winter Market formed in 1996 after I had moved from Hamilton. Kym had met keyboard player Ron Elliott at La Luna's open mic night, a night he hosted with friend and singer/songwriter Linda Somerville back in 1994, where Toys for Elliot regularly performed). The Winter Market also included Tone Valcic on drums, and Dino Verginella on bass.

Kym, normally intensely protective of her solo work, shared keyboard duties with Ron. By the time of recording, between May & September, 1996, Kym had to be convinced to record her vocals. She lacked the air.

**"I AM" P. 18**

**"AFTER SHOCK" P. 20**

"I Am" and "After Shock" (mis-titled "Home" in Ron Elliott's Winter Market sessions) were two pieces Kym of which was particularly proud. Of the many songs she chose to record, Kym recorded these songs twice. Once on 4-track in the winter of 1994/5 and again with Ron in the summer of 1996.

**"I FALL" P. 1**

The files containing most of the recordings made by Kym with Ron Elliott and The Winter Market were largely lost, existing only as a few rough mixes and live recordings.

The recordings that make up "I Fall" were on two cassettes: one containing a warbled full mix of the song with a clipped ending and another having just the end of the song during playback while the studio mic was left on – an accidental taping. No complete version of "I Fall" exists and had to be edited together. The song also existed in remixed form, Ron Elliott's "Beautiful Mix," an experiment with a new looping program.

**"CHICKEN MAN" P. 10**

**"BRACE" P. 12**

Kym recorded very little after declining health had her leave The Winter Market and the city of Hamilton to return to St Catharines, again living close to the St Catharines park where she was assaulted. Though she would still play piano regularly, her lung capacity made singing and recording full songs increasingly difficult. Final lyrics were written into song circa 1998–1999.

**"BRAVE ONE" P. 22; "GOODBYE" P. 23;**

**"HOPE HAS GOT ME NOW" P. 24;**

**"WHERE'S THE ROAD?" P. 25;**

**"BY THE CAMPFIRE**

(SONG FOR CAMP COUCHICING)" P. 26;

**"YOU ARE MY FRIEND" P. 27**

When Kym's old Camp Cooch friends would visit – Nancy, Tristan, Nancy, Trish, & friends like Dodi, Tara, 5c, Nelson, Sarah & others whom I never met and whose names I've forgotten – these were the songs they'd request.

**"ON CASSETTE: AGE 0–20 (1976–1996)"**

For her 20th birthday, Kym compiled a selection of recordings to mark the occasion.

The earliest recordings of Kym are at 3½ months, a baby's voice quietly gurgling, buried in tape hiss, from the left speaker; a familiar noise of a hand squeaking on the plastic of a cheap microphone. "What do you want to say, hmm?" asks her mother, Frances. →

Then: "I'm 4½" → → "Here I am, 10½ already" → → → → → "Hello, um, I'm 14 now" → → → "Hi Mom! Guess what? I'm 20" → → → → →



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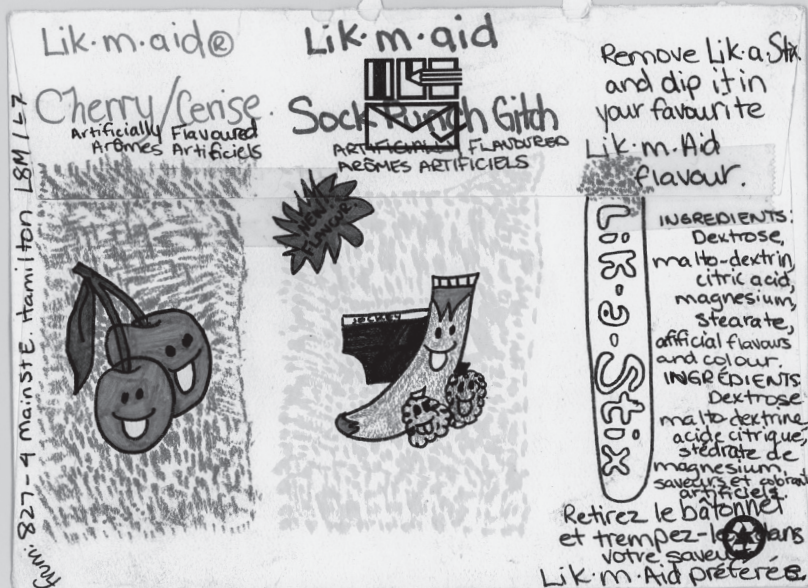
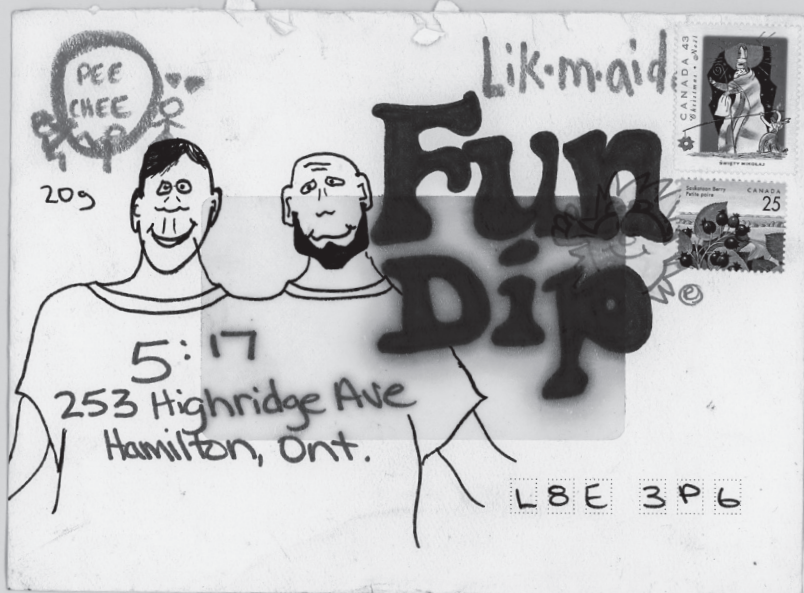
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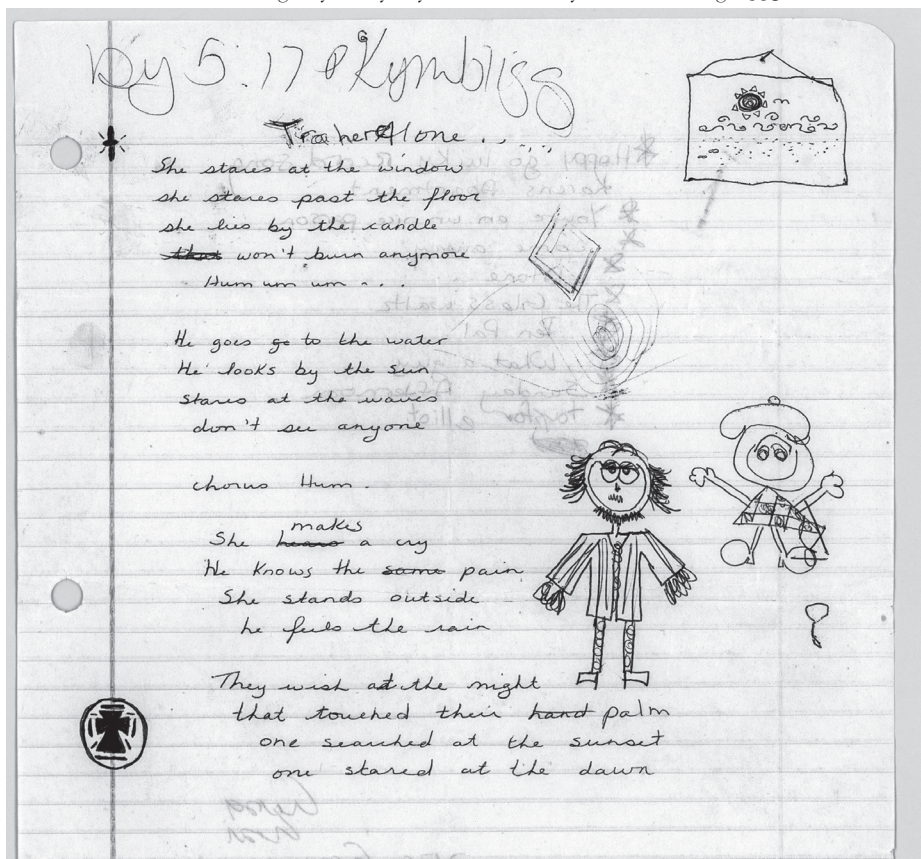
5:17

envelope by Kymberly. No postmark or contents; stamps issued 43c stamp issued November 1993





discarded song & lyrics by Toys for Elliot, in Kym's handwriting, 1993



Kym's hospital I.D.

Five and Kym, August 1994



"I'm important to Kymberly," posing with a lighted cigarette at E.P.O.P., Erin, Summer 1994

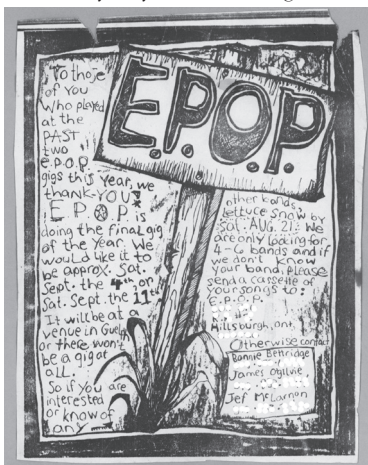




Toys for Elliot at E.P.O.P., Erin, Summer 1994



E.P.O.P. flyer by Bonnie B., August 1994



Kym and Nancy at E.P.O.P., Erin, Summer 1994



Toys for Elliot at La Luna's open mic, fall 1994



Tristan and Kym, August 1994



Kym with Trish in a Camp Couchiching shirt, fall 1994





Tymothi:J Swanson's notes for a zine, *Songs*, to accompany a cassette, assembled in 1999, with minimal adaption for use in this book form

Kymerly Drake was certainly the greatest person I've known; the kindest, most selfless person I've ever met. I'm an immensely lucky man to have had the chance to spend a year-and-a-half in love with her and a year-and-a-half loved by her. A wise friend of mine said I should thank Kym for all she did for me. I have, and I do. She will always live in an irreparable space in my heart, and I will speak to her, softly, every day that I live.

I thank you for taking an interest in her music (& words). I'm so happy she did so much recording over the years, and I'm elated to be able to share her voice with others so that they may have a small glimpse into the special person she was and she will always be to me. This booklet (*Songs*, 1999) contains the lyrics to the songs on "the tape," and I've tried to contextualize each one.

"I FALL" (THE WINTER MARKET) P. 31  
I heard "I Fall" for the first time, October 16th, 1999, at 5:17's apartment about a month after Kym's death. Kym began writing the song during the final months she and I were living together in Hamilton, 1995. I was unsure of the first couple of lines. "Have you *earned* your wall"?! or "Have you *learned* to walk?" (See p. 1) Were the lyrics a reference to a painting Kym had commissioned from 5:17 as a Christmas gift for me that year (the initial drawing of it opens the *Songs* section), or my describing over-and-over the depression that I felt, as though I were trapped against a wall?

Lines for "I Fall" were part of poems that she'd written for me in June of 1995, (See "I need to feel your tear," "I feel," and "And on this plain," p. 35-37. It is perhaps the most beautiful song I've ever heard and I cherish it each time I listen to it.

On the recording, if you listen closely, there's an interesting change from  $\frac{4}{4}$  time to  $\frac{6}{8}$  near the beginning of the song and a return to  $\frac{4}{4}$  time near the end. The version I first heard was cut off pretty much where Kym stops singing. The complete song has Kym playing piano with an improvised guitar solo by Les Cooper.



Elmhirst Resort, October 1994



2

Elmhirst Resort, October 1994



13

Bauhaus Café, Hamilton, summer 1995



28

Ward 3B , McMaster Hospital, 1994



photos from *Songs*, a limited-run cassette and zine assembled by Tymothi:J Swanson, fall 1999

“AFTER SHOCK” P. 20

“After Shock” began as a poem that Kym wrote for me on September 3, 1994. Kym and I had met at La Luna, a Hamilton bar & restaurant, August 1, the day after her 18th birthday. We talked or saw each other almost every day.

On September 1, 1994, she temporarily moved back to her hometown, St. Catharines, and wrote “After shock” two days later. The poem is about the night of August 22, 1994 during which she and I spent about three or four hours at “Princess Point” at a park in Hamilton overlooking Cootes Paradise marsh. It was the night she and I fell in love. We walked from my car over a hill and looked out at the stillness of the water. It began to rain and we held each other, letting the rain fall on us, looking into each other’s eyes, words rendered meaningless, everything unspoken.

The only changes from the poem to song were the deletion of the lines “my heart is pounding” and “the moon, awake, knows my fate a lights/my direction, away.” In the version recorded after we had broken up, the lines “I’m whoever takes me/but really I’m yours” have been added. I’ve done too much textual criticism to say that the addition is insignificant.

“MY EMMELINE” P. 16

“My Emmeline” was written first as a poem in early September 1994. I remember hearing Kym perform it quite a few times, always giving me a little smile when she ended the song. It was a song with special meaning.

On our one year anniversary, she gave me a box of poems and letters she’d written in the previous year but had waited to give to me. In that box were the poems “My Angel” and “After Shock,” as well as “My Emmeline.”

“MY ANGEL” P. 17

In the spring of 1995, I began falling into a depression that marked the beginning of the end for Kym’s and my relationship (which ended that winter). I had quit a well-paying job and was miserable to be around. Kym tried her best to pull me out of it. She wrote “My Angel” June 9, 1995 while in hospital recovering from surgery.\*

\* to install a port-a-cath, or “port,” a device placed under the skin in the right side of the chest used to give intravenous fluids and drugs.

Kym and Tym, St. Catharines, fall 1994



She very quickly turned it into a song while she was recovering in the hospital. I remember hearing her play it for the first time in the lounge outside the children’s ward, 3B, at McMaster Medical Centre that June. As was usually the case with Kym, she put aside her own health concerns and focussed on others.

“SLEEPGUITAR” (TOYS FOR ELLIOT) P. 42

“Sleepguitar” is the song some of my friends have been annoyed with hearing whenever they ended up in my call answer (a telephone answering service). The reason I put it on there was so that I could hear Kym’s voice wherever I was.

Kym and 5:17 wrote it in the late spring of 1995, with both contributing music and lyrics. The lines “My ear feels your echo, your trance,/ pressing its voice, softly,/ against my face” are from a poem she wrote to me on September 19, 1994 called “There on the water” (p. 42). Kym had written it the night after I told her “I love you” for the first time during one evening in Niagara Falls.



“THIS VIRGIN SUBSIDES” P. 14

Of all of Kym’s songs “This Virgin Subsides” is probably the most troubling to me. I heard it first after Kym died. I was at 5:17’s place, where he was making copies of Kym’s songs for me. We were in the living room next to the the room where the duplication was being done and I could hear eerie sounding music coming from the other room. I asked 5:17 about the song and he told me that it was called “This Virgin Subsides.”

I had listened to the song about a half-a-dozen times when I finally heard a distinct word, “diction,” which reminded me of a poem she had given to me. I found an untitled poem she had given to me less than a week after we had begun seeing each other on a serious basis in September 1994. She had included the poem on a card she had given to me accompanying a small book called *Constellations: Glimpses of Infinity in Fact, Myth, and Legend* by Larry Sessions in which she had inscribed “Hold this in your hand

and fly with me.” I rewound the tape and read through the poem while listening to the song. As I was listening to it, the lyrics were word for word from the poem, including the final phase “You are for me,” and even repeated it twice. It was about three in the morning at that point and the tears just poured. Was it meant for me to hear?

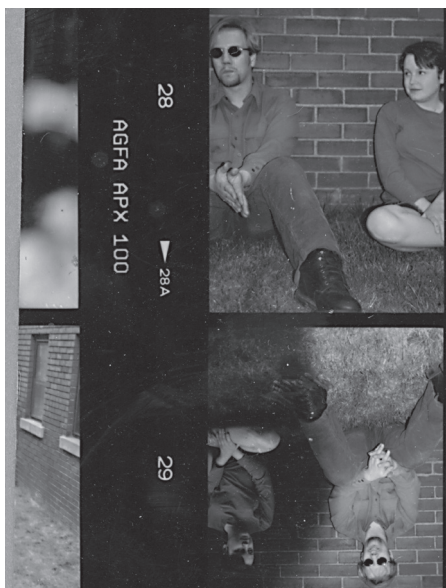
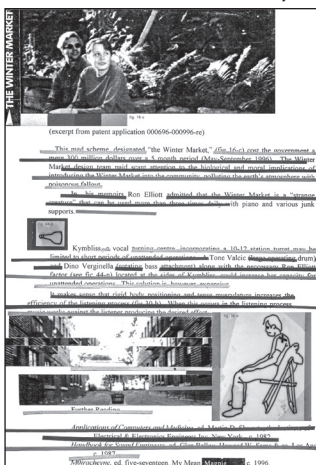
“LITTLE CHILD” P. 28 &  
“AN OCEAN’S WAKE”

“Little Child,” was one of two of Kym’s early piano-based writings. After sending in a cassette of two songs to a competition, the melody of “Little Child” was combined with a second composition based on “An Ocean’s Wake,” an instrumental that Kym had written when she was about thirteen or fourteen, by arranged and conductor James V. Fusco. The song was performed as “An Ocean’s Wake,” without lyrics, by the Niagara Symphony Orchestra for the Spectacular Showcase of Talent, 1991.



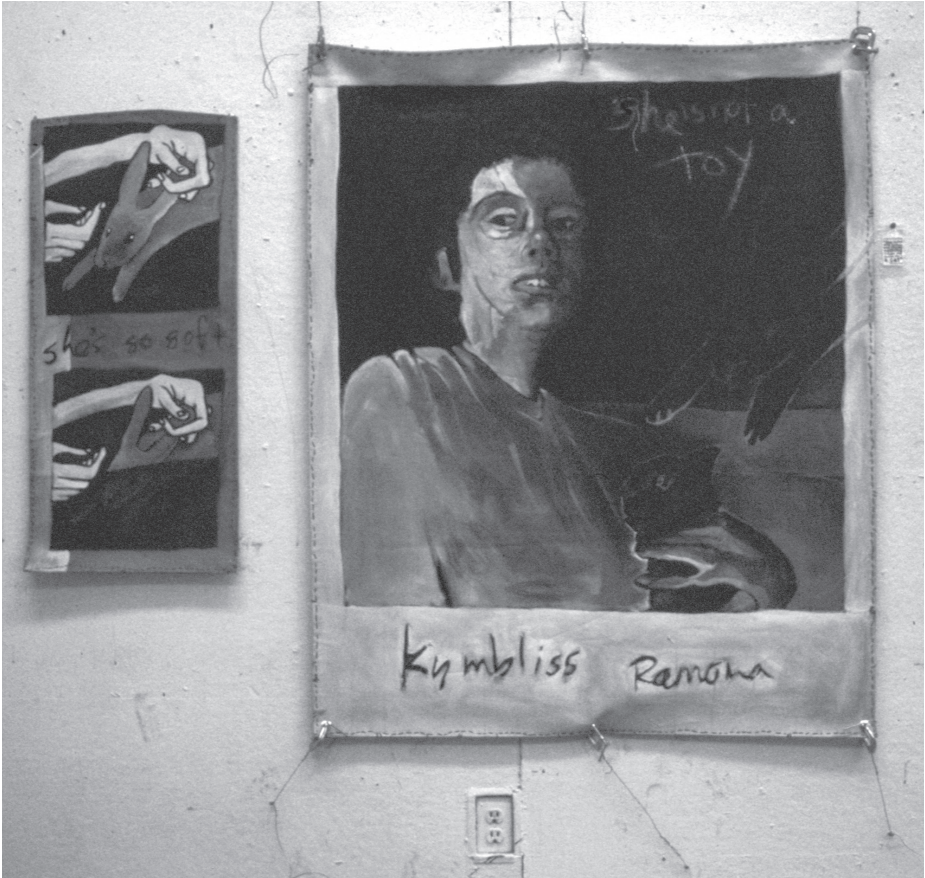


The Winter Market outside Kym's Hamilton apt., September 1996



Photography contact sheet by Daniel Banko, August 1996

artwork by Five Seventeen. *Snarkmuffin*, Propeller Centre for the Visual Arts, March 14–27, 1997



Kym and Ramona, 1997

Ramona, 1997





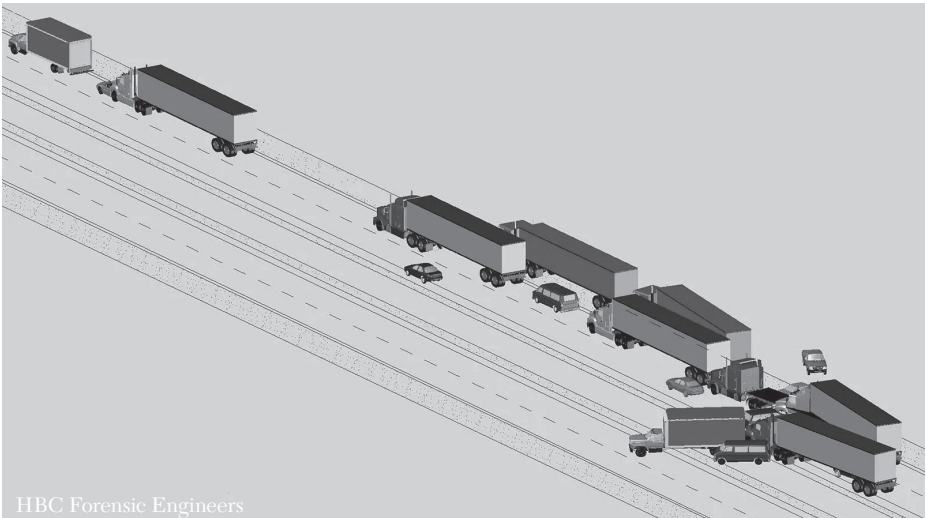
Kym, St. Catharines, 1999



Five and Kym, St. Catharines, 1999



diagram of Highway 401 fog crash, Sept. 3, 1999. Kym recieved lungs from one of the fatalities



HBC Forensic Engineers

St. Catharines, Sept. 20, 1999  
Standard 4-6

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30 volunteers left, grand-her brother

photo by Leona Flim

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## KYMBERLY DRAKE

# Gifted composer shared many gifts

*Woman who underwent  
double lung transplant,  
had work performed  
by Niagara Symphony*

By Standard Staff

The mother of Kimberly Drake, a young and musically gifted St. Catharines woman who died in hospital last week, was busy writing thank-you cards Sunday in the midst of her grief.

"I'm so grateful to everyone who made her life so beautiful," Frances Drake said.

Kimberly, diagnosed with cystic fibrosis in infancy, has been profiled in *The Standard* on more than one occasion—both for her medical challenges and musical gifts.

After two false alarms for the double lung transplant she needed, she had the surgery Sept. 4 at Toronto General Hospital, Drake said.

However, complications arose and Kimberly remained in a coma until she died Wednesday at age 23.

"We never even talked about anything going wrong because we were so positive everything would be OK," her mother said.

Mario Marcantonio, Kimberly's stepfather, said Kimberly's zest for life was immediately evident.

She composed her own music and

the Niagara Symphony performed one of her pieces, *An Ocean's Wake*, at the Shaw Theatre, he said.

"Yes, there (has been) a lot of crying (about the loss of Kimberly)," Drake said.

"But we've heard so many good stories and (so much) laughter throughout the last three or four days that will really help us, help me, carry on that good spirit that Kimberly gave us. She inspired so many people."

A funeral to celebrate Kimberly's life was held at the Patrick J. Darte Funeral Chapel in St. Catharines Saturday. This coming Saturday, close friends of Kimberly will come to the house to sit with her mother and look at photographs together, Drake said.

Kimberly's lungs had deteriorated so badly before the surgery she needed oxygen 24 hours a day, Drake said.

She said Kimberly would go shopping and take her oxygen with her, enjoying it when people recognized her and said hello. "Just everyone knew her because she was a young girl pulling this cart of oxygen behind her," Drake said.

Kimberly, Drake's only child, attended St. Catharines Collegiate and later enrolled in an adult learning centre in efforts to finish her high school education.

She needed only four more credits to get her high school diploma, Drake said.

Kimberly initially talked about becoming a social worker but had set her sights more recently on becoming a doctor. "Really Kimberly lived in the hospital most of her life. That was her way of sort of giving back what she received," Drake said.



KYMBERLY DRAKE

FROM PAGE A3